



Trials of a President's Daughter

By Mary Harrison McKee

She Tells How Women in the Public Eye Are Subject to Criticism—Newspapers Publish Malicious Accounts—Many Ridiculous Demands Are Made Upon Residents of the White House—Even the Children Do Not Escape Criticism.

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(Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee, daughter of President Harrison, was very prominent in official society during her father's term as the nation's chief executive. She tells here with frankness and humor some of the peculiar experiences which she had while a resident of the White House.)

How good it is to laugh! How delightful either for man or woman to be blessed with a keen sense of the ridiculous!

Some are not thus favored and are continuously sad and careworn, which is a misfortune to be truly mourned over. A school for the cultivation of the humorous faculty might be helpful to future generations.

The assertion is made that women lack a sense of humor, but the actor Comstock has publicly denied the accusation and says "it is a slander that has lived by repetition." With true French gallantry he remarks that it is only another example of woman's selfishness that she has been willing to let us think that we men have a monopoly, as they say in America, on humor.

So much has been written on wit, humor and fun, and so many examples from every direction have come down to us that we cannot give the palm for so charming a characteristic to any one time or country or sex.

An actor or actress who nightly faces a large audience has an opportunity for judging of these qualities in the human race. So has the man or woman who is called upon to occupy any conspicuous position where he or she is brought in close contact with numbers of men and women, whose field of observation is a broad one and whose perceptions are keen. Well might such a one exclaim with the poet:

"Oh, wad some power the giffie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

The mirror in which we may get a rather fair notion of ourselves is public position, although the image reflected is not always exactly accurate or true to nature.

With the newspapers on one side saying that Mrs. E. is beautiful in face and divine in form, with superb qualities of heart and mind, and the opposition saying she is a plain little woman who dresses atrociously and uses bad English, she may find herself in the position of one of Mother Goose's characters. You will remember the little old woman who fell asleep and had her petticoats cut off up to her knees and upon awaking and not exactly recognizing herself exclaimed, "Can this be I?"

But it is right here that a sense of the ridiculous comes to the rescue; for if you are broad-minded and have a clear conscience you will be able to smile as broadly as the opposition over descriptions and you do give vent to your meriment; for often the thrusts are so unkind that you might be tempted to cry. But what would be the use, since it would only make the plain face plainer and the bad English would certainly be made worse if you could give free vent to your feelings?

There certainly is no lack of free discussion and criticism in the newspapers of the day on parties, politics and persons, and the man who enters the political arena must take that life as he does his wife, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in

WANTED ONE LONG HOLIDAY

Candidate Had No Use for Labor of Any Kind.

Some years ago when the late Alderman Robert B. Bancroft, of Cambridge had received the nomination, it was thought by the representatives of the laboring men to be a duty they owed to the trades unions to find out how the candidate stood on the labor question.

A committee was appointed and the interviews took place with more or less pleasing results. Mr. Bancroft received the committee with open heart and open house. When all the visitors felt at ease and cigars were well alight, the spokesman outlined the purpose of the call, and wished to know where they would place him, for or against.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Bancroft, "I thank you for this opportunity to express my views on this great question. I have this to say: I don't believe in labor at all—we deserve a good living without work."

sickness and in health, so long as they both do live."

It would be a good idea to get a bill through congress compelling public men to write down for future generations all the amusing incidents, letters, etc., that form part of their careers. Some of these, no doubt, would last longer than their public acts and what a world of entertainment would be contained therein!

Upon entering public life a man would better examine himself and see if he has these qualifications (we will take ability for granted): A calm and patient disposition, a sense of the humorous and the tact to follow St. Paul's injunction of being "all things to all men."

These qualities are good for any position in life, but almost indispensable for the wear and tear of an official career.

The wife of a man elected to fill a high position comes in, of course, for her share of criticism or flattery, as to what she does or leaves undone, and all relatives, even unto the third and fourth generation, must smile sweetly and say nothing, no matter how much they are criticised or maligned.

When you are trying to make a nonentity of yourself what would be left to you if you had no sense of the ridiculous?

I am only a woman who had a part in one administration and who had to go through four years shining in reflected glory, but that school filled with the lessons that go to make up human existence—joys, sorrows, trials and amusing experiences—was, as a whole, most helpful.

In the pursuit of knowledge or a spirit of curiosity such questions as these come to one daily through the mail: Whether you approve of dancing, whether you drink wine, what you think of the latest novel, how much time you give to your toilet, what is your favorite color, whether you believe in women voting, whether you dress your children in white, etc. How would you like to see the individual who could send the following communication on a postal card:

"My Dear Madam—I want a present from Washington city, and I have located one for you. Please send a dress pattern (several other gifts were mentioned as being acceptable), and if you send it please prepay the express charges, for I have made a vow I will never pay any express charges, as I can't see what I am getting in the package."

Another woman desired "a piano and some sheet music," as her daughter had great "talents."

A pastor wished \$1,000 for his church for the reason "that you are a rich lady and will never miss it."

The request for money is, of course, a common one addressed to people of prominence or those blessed with great riches.

Many people are convinced that each member of a president's family is drawing a large salary from the government, or that all of them have a pneumatic tube running to the treasury department and upon punching a button large quantities of Uncle Sam's gold finds its way to the puncher.

The requests for autographs are almost unlimited and should a president undertake to make the supply equal to the demand but a small portion of each day could be devoted to public business.

Then the crazy-quilt artist—and her name is legion—wants at least one silk piece as a souvenir, or if the signature of the president or some member of his family is placed upon it, so much the better.

One frequently overhears remarks on the appearance or characteristic of some member of the family and it is well with you when you can smile.

Many a friend has enjoyed with me the following incident, the remarks having been addressed to the children's nurse:

"Which is Baby McKee?"

"This is Benjamin."

"Which is Mrs. Harrison's little girl?"

"This is Martha."

"Humph, I can't see that they look any different from any other children."

On another occasion, when the same line of questioning was being pursued, and the nurse had made an elaborate apology to excuse the children's appearance, as they had been playing in the dirt and were not dressed for inspection: "Humph, it wouldn't make any difference what you put on them. They are very plain, homely looking children anyway."

When this speech was reported to me, I gave my dear homely babies a hug and laughed heartily, because I knew they were beauties and that it was a poor, misguided individual who was probably persuaded in his mind that only Democratic babies were pretty.

Worsted by an Owl.

Hiram Heller, of Williamsport, Pa., was badly lacerated in a battle with a great horned owl which he wounded while gunning near Fairfield Center.

He shot at the owl as it flew by him, but only broke its wing. Not wishing to disfigure the bird, Heller attempted to kill it with a club. The wounded owl, which measured nearly four feet from tip to tip, pounced upon him, and before he was able to free himself he was badly wounded.

Weddings Far Between.

The first bride for 44 years is a record, isn't it? It happened in West Bridgewater, near Boston, recently, when the first church wedding in the Unitarian church since 1862 took place.

HIS EYES OPEN

Why There Are No Mail Order Catalogues in One Home.

FARMER WILLIAMS' LESSON

In Time of Adversity He Got to Understand Who Were His Real Friends—Prosperity in Standing Together.

(Copyright, 1906, by Alfred C. Clark.)

"What y' got there, Sis?" inquired Farmer Williams, as he kicked off his felt boots and set them carefully behind the stove to dry. "That's what I thought it looked like, one of them Chicago catylogs, though I hain't seen one clost fer quite a few years back. Me an' your ma ust to buy mighty nuch everthing we used out of them catylogs when we first come to Kansas. Land sakes, I have to laugh now sometimes when I think of the way we would get ketched out in awhile. They's some cheap things in them catylogs, an' then agin they's a lot 't ain't so cheap. Y' never kin tell till they come, an' then it's too late to send 'em back. But as I was sayin', we hain't bought nothin' out of a catylog fer a right smart o' years now, an' the way it come about I'd as well tell y', cause I don't think y' really remember much about it."

"When we come to Kansas long in the first of the '80's we got along right well. We was able to pay cash fer what we got, and we got the money fer everthing we sold. We was payin' out on the place right along; crops was purty good an' we was feelin' like the Lord was a smilin' on our efforts, and the happy home we dreamed about when we first got married was in sight."

But they came a change in Kansas long in the last half of the '80's. Times got hard and kep a gittin' tighter. Four straight years it was so dry y' had to soak the hogs afore they'd hold still—though I will say they was some extry reason on account of the swell bin so thin—wheat just died in the ground fer want of rain, and the hot winds biled the everlastin' sap out of the corn. They wasn't no pasture, no nothing. You can know we was feelin' purty blue about that time, but we was young and strong, and thought with the chickens an' hogs we could git through anyway."

"Then one day you got to complainin' in' and lookin' so thin it worried us. Your ma is a middlin' good doctor, take it all around, but nothing she could think of done you any good. Well, you kep a gittin' plindlier and plindlier, till you got so sot y' wouldn't do nothin' but set in a chair by the kitchen stove, wrapped in your ma's old shawl, an' you looked so pitiful that we made up our minds to have the doctor, even if it took th' last chicken on the place. Well, he come, and after he'd looked at you awhile an' felt your pulse, he shet his watch up with a snap, an' says, quiet like: 'Better fix up a warm place fer her in the front room, don't have too much light nor any drafts to strike her. Then we knowed it wain't no small sickness we had to fight, an' when we got you fixed up in bed I follered Doc. out on the porch an' I says: 'Well, Doc, sez I, 'what's the matter with our little girl?'"

"I don't want to skeer ye, Mr. Williams, says he, 'but I'm afraid she's in for a siege of typhoid fever.'"

"Well, after he was gone I went out in the kitchen an' told your ma, but she says, brave as kin be: 'Well, Ezra, if the Lord has seen fit to put that much more on our load we must bear an' fight it out doin' our duty the best we kin, leavin' the rest to him. An' I thought so too. So we jest kep our hearts brave an' done what seemed right 't do."

"The hardest thing was to figure out where t' git the medicine, an' fruit, an' dainty things your sickness called for."

"I don't know but what it's jest as well y' done it after all."

Folk Denounces Mail-Order Idea.

Addressing a meeting of retail merchants in Jefferson city recently, Governor Folk, of Missouri, said:

"We are proud of our splendid cities, and we want to increase wealth and population, and we also want our country towns to grow. We wish the city merchants to build up, but we also desire the country merchants to prosper. I do not believe in the mail-order citizen. If a place is good enough for a man to live in and to make his money in, it's good enough for him to spend his money in."

"No merchant can succeed without advertising in one way or another. Patronize your town papers, build them up, and they will build the town up in increased trade and greater opportunities. Do not be afraid that business is going to be hurt by the recent exposures of wrong-doing in the commercial world."

Medicines in Pneumonia.

Dudley Morgan declares that there are some cases of pneumonia which require only intelligent and systematic guidance and nursing. Others need little medicine, but when it is indicated it should be given promptly and energetically. Even in the most trying cases there is little else needed than digitalis, strychnine, and ice. In nearly all cases of pneumonia it is a good plan to start with quiet rest, unloading of the bowels when necessary, a variety of nourishing liquid food, and an ice bag on the chest in the region of the pain and congestion, and also over the precordia if necessary. Trying cases are those in which the patient is a steady or hard drinker. In pneumonia digitalis should be used to strengthen and nourish the heart and to reduce a rapid pulse.—Medical Record.

Keep Your Money at Home.

Don send money to mail order houses to deposit. Your home bank is the only safe place to keep it and will pay you as good interest as can be had, and then you run no risk as in such cases as the "Cash Buyer's Union" failure. The home bank will grant you favors and mail order houses never do.

Mixture of Many Nations.

Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, was born in France; his father was an American, his mother an English woman; his first language was Italian and he was educated in Germany.

AN EXECUTION IN INDIA.

How a Sentence of Death Was Carried Out on Streets of Hyderabad.

The decision as to whether the murderer should be executed or imprisoned for life was, says the Civil and Military Gazette in describing an execution at Hyderabad of a Pathan who had shot his brother-in-law, as is usual, left to the murdered man's relatives, and his wife, the sister of the murderer, voted for death.

On the day for the execution there appeared in the streets a band of sweepers armed with leafy twigs, followed by a squad of the city Arab police with fixed bayonets. Then came the criminal, dressed in new white garments, with a new halter around his neck and new ropes attached to his arms. The ends of these ropes were held by policemen. The ordinary thing is for the condemned man to walk, but in this case he was so overcome that he had to be conveyed in a jukka.

On arriving at the fatal spot the murderer was made to kneel down, while the policemen handed over charge of the cords to the executioners' attendants one of whom, seizing the end of the halter stood in front of the felon, while others held the cords plucking his arms behind. The executioner, brandishing a broad, heavy sword, keen as a razor, in a suggestive fashion, and prancing up towards his victim asked three times in a loud voice: "Who authorizes the execution?" The chief of the city police on duty thrice replied: "The Amir."

Then an attendant armed with a long needle pricked the condemned man in the back, causing him to start forward. At the same instant those holding the cords laid themselves back in opposite directions as in a tug-of-war contest, with the result that the wretch's neck was stretched; and, following the reply of the chief of police, the executioner's blade descended fair and true on the neck, severing the head completely.

Consumption in the Navy.

When a man enters the United States navy he is selected for his physical fitness as well as mental ability. For the reason and because the seaman's life is healthful there are few cases of chronic disease among them. There are particularly few consumptives among the sailors. But the navy department has made arrangements for treating these according to the most scientific methods.

"When a 'lunger,' as the sailors call him, is discovered he is given instructions to proceed to Pensacola, Fla., where the sanitarium for consumptives is located," says Guy F. O'Donnell of the West Side, who was formerly in charge of the sanitarium. "This sanitarium is nothing more than an outdoor camp. It consists of rows of heavy canvas tents built on light wooden frames. The sides can be raised and lowered, as weather conditions permit. Here the patients are given the freedom of the camp. They live out of doors, taking long walks in the warm Southern sunshine, and at night they sleep in the open air. Milk and eggs form the principal articles of diet. Very little medicine is given."—Kansas City Star.

Grapes Grown Under Glass.

The grapes of Belgium, and under glass. It is in no Arcadian rustic spot that this ideal culture flourishes, but in the wideawake metropolitan suburb of Hoezlaert, near Brussels. Here there is a whole region of glass—nothing but glass over a wide vista. The spectacle is one of the shows of the country for amateurs and sightseers alike.

A good many lovers of table fruit whose interest in the subject extends no further than the desert stand will probably be surprised to learn that it is from no native hot-house, but from Hoezlaert, that the great fruiterers of London, Paris, the Riviera, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and, mirabile dictu, even New York, receive the bulk of their winter supplies. Every Friday hundreds of chests of choice fruit, admirably packed, are despatched to the United States alone. The price at Hoezlaert is a minimum of 15 cents a pound on the vine, with fivepence added for packing. The choicest bunches are those that weigh about two pounds.

Professional Amenities.

The late James T. Maher, a well-known business man of Taunton, Mass., had the misfortune to break his leg. He was attended by Dr. Thomas Paige, who had Dr. Joseph Hayward to assist him in setting the limb.

John Gaffney, an undertaker and a personal friend of Mr. Maher's, made a contrivance for him to rest the leg on—and carried it to the Maher residence in his undertaking wagon. Dr. Hayward was there, and a few minutes later Dr. Paige came in.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, "I hesitated about coming in this morning. I never like to enter my patients' homes when I see an undertaker's team at my patients' doors."

"Can He Do It."

Luther Burbank had just finished his seedless orange, his thornless rose, and his eyeless potato. "What are you going to originate now?" some one asked him.

"A lemonless campaign," replied the wizard.

All in the Point of View.

Col. Barnsdale, a prominent citizen of Pittsburg, was traveling through Indian territory. While strolling around Muskogee he met an old colored woman who seemed to be an interesting character and asked: "Aunt, how many people are there in this city?" The negro considered gravely for a few moments and then said: "Well, boss, I reckon there's about 25,000, including the white folks." Col. Barnsdale says he thereupon saw a first illustration of how much depends upon the viewpoint.

Our Pattern Department

LADIES' RAIN COAT.

Pattern No. 5378.—A smart model for a rain coat is here shown in tan-colored cravatette, the collar and sleeves trimmed with buttons and loops of cords. The back is semi-fitted, the fulness being held in place by straps that button to the side-back seams. The fronts lap in double-breasted style, and close with buttons and button-holes. The coat sleeve is laid in a double box-pleat, or it may be gathered into the arm-hole. A fancifully shaped collar completes the neck. Tweed, covert, homespun and cravatette are all adaptable to the mode. The medium size will require five and one-fourth yards of 44-inch material. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5378.
SIZE
NAME
ADDRESS

LADIES' COSTUME.

Patterns Nos. 5476 and 5472.—This design shows one of the newest and smartest of the season's modes. The waist closes in the back, and an air of individuality is given by an odd-shaped bertha that extends down to the waist line in front, but it may be omitted if desired. The skirt is particularly "chic" and is composed of 13 gores, wide and full at the lower edge, demanded by fashion, and close fitting at the hips. Dark green taffeta was selected for the making, but mohair, serge, voile, wool batiste and linen will all be effective. The medium sizes will require two and one-eighth yards of 44-inch material for the waist and five and seven-eighths yards for the skirt. Ladies' Waist No. 5476: Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Ladies' Skirt No. 5472: Sizes for 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

The above illustration calls for two separate patterns. The price is ten cents for the waist and ten cents for the skirt.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5476 and 5472.
SIZE
NAME
ADDRESS

His Sage Conclusion.

"Well, sah, if y' please, dees go ahead and flung in y' predestined pro-ratty, and be done wid it!" a trifle impatiently said good Brother Shinnaw, who was passing the hat.

"I isn't got all day to linger whilst y' premeditates over the matiah. Dees recollect dat de Lawd loves a cheerful giver, and proffawn accawdin'."

"Yessah! Toe be sho!" pleasantly replied old Brother Bimmelick, who was hesitatingly coming over a 25-cent piece, a dime, a nickel and a copper cent, reposing in the palm of his hand. "Well, uh, den, muth brudder as I kain't no-ways contribute cis yuh injun-headed penny, I dees ust de action to de words, as dey ses in stories, and chucks de cent piece into de clection dat am bein' took up for de heathen, uh-way-off yonder some's, I dunna whuh."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Moneyed Invitation.

When the old lady heard some one reading of "money on call" he voiced a popular sentiment when he exclaimed: "My, my! Come here, honey!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMANITY AND ITS DUTIES.

Jean Jacques Rousseau's Essay on Proper Education.

People pity the lot of a child; they do not see that the human race would have perished if man had not begun by being a child.

We are born weak; we have need of strength; we are born stupid; we have need of judgment. All that we have not at our birth, but which we need when we are grown, is given us by education.

The natural man is complete in himself; he is the numerical unit, the absolute whole, who is related only to himself or to his fellow man. Civilized man is but a fractional unit that is dependent upon its denominator, and whose value consists in its relation to the whole, which is the social organization. . . . What would a man be worth for others who had been educated solely for himself?

In the natural order of things, all men being equal, their common vocation is manhood, and whoever is well trained for that cannot fulfill badly any vocation connected with it. Whether my pupil be destined for the army, the church or the bar, concerns me but little. Regardless of the vocation of his parents, nature summons him to the duties of human life. To live, is the trade I wish to teach him.

A father who merely feeds and clothes the children he has begotten so far fulfills but a third of his task. To the race, he owes men; to society, men of social dispositions; and to the state, citizens. Every man who can pay this triple debt and does not pay it, is guilty of a crime, and the more guilty, perhaps, when the debt is only half paid. He who cannot fulfill the duties of a father has no right to become such. . . .

The proper study for man is that of his relations. While he knows himself only through his physical being, he ought to study himself through his relation with things, and this is the occupation of his childhood; but when he begins to feel his moral nature, he ought to study himself through his relations with men, and this is the occupation of his entire life, beginning at the point we have now reached (adolescence).—From Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Emile."

Still Useful, Though.

The editor of the Hugesopolis Gazette sat with his accordion plaited brow in his shapely hand. His chief assistant looked sympathetically at him and said:

"What's worrying you, boss?"

"Murak's plumb off his nanny—plain case of gibbering paroxysm."

"Too bad, too bad!" exclaimed the optimistic assistant; "but we needn't drop him from the staff. We can put him to writing the answers-to-queries column."

Whereupon the great man's brow cleared noticeably and he rang for an office boy to carry out his assistant's suggestion.—Judge.

Patriotic East Indian.

It has just been discovered that Gashavant G. Pandit, a very wealthy high caste Hindu and a protege of the gawkwar of Baroda, is working as a common laborer in an acid factory at Roscoe, N. D. Pandit, though said to be worth millions, works and lives as the other laborers do. Industrial conditions in India are in a deplorable state, he declares, and it is his intention to take part in the task of revolutionizing them in his native land.

Teaching the Catechism.

An enterprising superintendent of one of the Sunday schools of St. Albans, Vt., was engaged one Sunday in catechizing the scholars, varying the usual form by beginning at the end of the catechism.

After asking what were the prerequisites of the holy communion and confirmation, and receiving satisfactory replies, he asked:

"And, now, boys, tell me what must precede baptism?"

A lively urchin shouted out: "A baby, sir!"

Ex-Governor of Vermont Dead.

The death of ex-Gov. George W. Hendee is another break in Vermont's somewhat unusually long list of living ex-governors. Hendee was never elected governor, but he was elevated from the lieutenant governorship to the chief magistracy by the death of Gov. Peter T. Washington in 1870. There are now surviving 14 ex-governors of Vermont, the oldest being Frederick Holbrook, of Brattleboro (1851-63), aged 93, and the youngest Edward C. Smith, of St. Albans (1898-1900), aged 52.

MARKET REPORTS.

Cincinnati, Jan. 12.	
CATTLE—Extra	50 @ 5 75
CALVES—Extra	8 @ 7 75
HOGS—Choice	60 @ 6 25
SHEEP—Extra	40 @ 4 75
LAMBS—Extra	70 @ 8 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	75 @ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed	44 @ 44
RYE—No. 2 mixed	69 @ 38
HAY—Ch. timothy	19 @ 19 50
BUTTER—Dairy	25 @ 19
APPLES—Choice	25 @ 2 50
POTATOES—Per bbl.	15 @ 1 75
TOBACCO—New	50 @ 25 25

CHICAGO.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	71 3/4 @ 72
CORN—No. 2 mixed	44 @ 44
OATS—No. 2 mixed	33 1/2 @ 33 1/2
PORK—Prime mess.	15 @ 15 90
LARD—Steam	9 @ 9 22 1/2

NEW YORK.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	75 @ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed	44 @ 44
OATS—No. 2 mixed	39 @ 39 1/2
PORK—Prime mess.	15 @ 15 25
LARD—Steam	9 @ 9 50

BALTIMORE.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	77 1/4 @ 77 1/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed	47 1/2 @ 47 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	39 1/4 @ 40

LOUISVILLE.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	76 @ 76